

THE
REDEMPTION,

A
MONODY.

By ^{James} Mr. SCOTT, *K.*
FELLOW OF TRINITY-COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Τον ὄντα πάντων Κύριον γεννητῶτον,
Και πατέρα, τῶτον διάτελει τιμῶν, μόνον
Ἀγαθὸν τοῦτων εὐρετὴν καὶ κτιστὸρα.

Frag. Menand.

CAMBRIDGE,

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THE
REDUCTION

AND
MORRIS



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The Museum

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cidas.

THE
R E D E M P T I O N,
M O N O D Y.

DAUGHTERS of Jove, no more!—Adieu, ye Maids,
Whose visionary forms have met my eye;
Whether I mus'd by Anio's headlong steep,
Or by the fabled haunts of Castaly,
Or where Cephifus joins the billowy deep;
Or where thro' groves, and olive-woven shades,
Iliffus rolls his stream;
For now a loftier theme
Demands my song, **R E D E M P T I O N**'s wondrous plan,
And thy sad sufferings, O my God, for Man!

B

But

But come, O Virgin-muse of Sion, come,
Come gently, and my breast inspire
With some faint sparks of that seraphic fire,
Whose beams refulgent glow'd,
When bursting thro' the womb
Of dark Futurity, "A God, a God,"
Proclaim'd aloud the heav'n-enlighten'd Seer,
"From Bosrah lo he comes mighty to save,
"Mighty to triumph o'er the grave!"—
And all the oaks of Bashan stoopt to hear,
And Lebanon's attentive cedars bow'd.

But turn, O turn thine eyes
To where with groves of Palm, and Olive crown'd,
On the fair bosom of the mountain lies
The Garden's holy ground!
For there my Saviour's bitter agonies
Began; there from th' Abyss profound
Of blackest Hell, a stream of horror flow'd,
And overwhelm'd his pure and innocent soul;

Or

Or ere his sacred blood
Had wash'd, had cleans'd us from pollutions foul,
And seal'd anew the League 'twixt Man and God.

Dark rose the dreadful Night,
And not one sprightly note, or pleasing sound,
Was heard to breathe around:
The Shepherds sat with silent horror mute,
And charm'd no more their pipe or jocund flute;
And Philomel her wonted strain forbore:
How could she sing, while from the blasted oak
The hoarse night-ravens croak,
And Screech-owls moan aloud in dire affright,
And screaming from the pool with hideous cry
Aloof the Bitterns fly;
While clouds impetuous burst with horrid roar,
And Spectres shriek, and Ghosts unholy yell,
And muttering in the black and turbid air
Dæmons and fiends of hell,
Array'd in livid flames, terrific glare?

Earth

Earth to the center shook,
And universal Nature quak'd for fear,
As if her end was near;
While ev'ry pale Star, with distemper'd look,
Shot from the sky: — and well, O well they might,
When He was doom'd to agonizing pain,
Who bade them flame on high,
The fairest gems in heav'n's fair canopy,
And fill'd their orbs with everlasting light.
But now see where he lies
On the cold ground, expos'd to thick dank air,
And all the fury of the madding skies!
See how each nerve and vein
Trembles and throbs with torture; how his eyes
Start from their seat with anguish and despair!
What drops of sanguine sweat roll down amain
From his fair limbs! “O Father, O remove
“If possible this cup; yet not my will,
“But thine be done!” O agonizing Love,
O Grace beyond compare!

Swift

Swift thro' the yielding air
The words upflew to heav'n, and all the Quire
Of blessed Angels stood in speechless trance :
Aside they flung their harps of golden wire,
And in their bow'rs of amaranthine shade
For one short moment stay'd
Their ardent songs of rapture and of praise,
While wonder-struck they gaze,
O King of Sufferings, on thy conflicts dire !

But soft ! Am I decciv'd, or doth a ray
Of light ethereal burst thro' yonder cloud,
And gild the mountain top with its fair beam ?
Lo down the lucid stream
An Angel glides ! he leaves his crystal sphere,
And cuts with nimble wing his liquid way
Thro' the rank vapours of this murky air ;
Sent, O my Saviour, from thy lab'ring breast
To drive away the horrors of despair,
And give thy sorrow-sick'ning soul to rest.

C

And

THE REDEMPTION

And hark, while swiftly from th' ethereal height
 This harbinger of light
 Descends, what awful silence reigns around!
 No more their rustling heads the Cedars wave,
 And each aerial Sound
 Creeps softly to its cave:
 The dark Clouds slumber on the mountain's brow,
 And Nature stands absorb'd in dread suspense;
 While thus the Angel cheers his drooping sense,
 And bids full streams of heav'nly music flow.

THE HYMN

Hail * Sun of Righteousness, whose healing ray
 Can pierce the darkness of Egyptian night;
 Tho' now some earth-born clouds obstruct thy way,
 Soon shalt thou blaze in thy meridian height;
 And beaming, with celestial love,
 Destroy the † covering, and the veil remove,
 And guide the nations with thy friendly light,
 To the blest regions of eternal day.

Then

* Malachi iv. 2.

† Isaiah xxv. 7.

Then, O ye Hosts on high,
Cherubs and Seraphs, that excel in might,
Ye that encircling guard the saphyr throne,
And sing Hosannas to the great **THREONE**,
O praise him, praise him everlastingly!

When Man rebell'd, and from th' abyfs profound
Those miscreated monsters Sin and Death
A way to Eden found;
There blasting, with their pestilential breath,
Each herb, and fruit, and flow'r,
Of Eve's * delicious bow'r;
Thou saw'st the havoc, saw'st with melting eye
† The sad Earth labour under the horrid doom
Of guilt, and misery;
Saw'st all her beauty, all her vernal bloom
Like flow'rs frost-smitten die;
While heaving with convulsive pangs, and groans,
She op'd her jaws, and yawn'd the general tomb
Of her once happy, once immortal sons!

At

* Paradise Lost, iv. 690.

† The Author purposely left this line thus unharmonious, that the Sound might be in accord with the Sense.

At that dread hour, when statue-struck with woe
 Stood the primæval Pair,
 And wept, and loaded with their sighs the air,
 We * lookt around—but lo
 Not one to pity them, not one to know!
 No Son of light, no Angel dar'd to plead,
 No Seraph intercede:
 Till Thou, the high priest, heardst the wretches moan,
 And off'ring up their incense-breathing pray'r
 In golden censer at th' eternal throne,
 " On me their Shepherd, me thy wrath employ,
 " But spare these hapless sheep, O Father, spare,
 " Let me with agonies their grief atone,
 " And all their sins, and all their sorrows bear."
 Then sang the morning Stars their hymns of joy,
 When thou, the Father's uncreated Son,
 The promis'd † Shilo, quitting thy abode,
 That heav'n of heav'ns the bosom of thy God,
 And stript of all thy bliss, and all thy glory,
 Began'st, O wondrous story,

The

* Psalm lxxix. 20. & Isa. lix. 16.

† Gen. xlix. 10.

The task of Love, and voluntary Woe.
 Hail Word eternal! Hail creating Mind!
 Then did the Hills, then did the Vales resound;
 The Vale of Arnon, and the purple brow
 Of beauteous Amana, and Shenir rang,
 And all the forests of thy Carmel sang,
 When Thou, in fleshly * Tabernacle shrin'd,
 Ganst pour the stream of blessings all around,
 And brooding over teach thy helpless care,
 As the fond Eagle doth her young, to try
 Their scarce-fledg'd plumes, and thro' the baser air
 Assert the mansions in their native sky.
 † O goodly Vine, beneath whose clustering boughs
 The weary flocks repose!
 O § Rose of Sharon! O || Enclosure sweet
 Of chief perfumes, of spices fresh and rare!
 Wake, wake ye winds, and o'er the Garden blow,
 That all the soul-delighting scents may flow;
 And ye, O Spirits of air,
 Catch the rich odours, and to heav'n repair,
 That Angels may dissolve in raptures meet!

D

O Phos-

* 2 Cor. v. 1. † John xv. 1. § Solomon's Song, ii. 1.
 || Solomon's Song, iii. 12. & infra.

O * Phosphor! O effulgent Son of Morn,
 But ah how fallen, ~~fallen~~ how chang'd from Him,
 Who led to war th' embattled Seraphim,
 And all the Youth of Heav'n; whose flaming hand,
 With thunders arm'd, hurl'd from th' ethereal sky
 The arch apostate and his rebel band,
 Hurl'd them with ruin, and combustion dire,
 To bottomless perdition, there to lie
 Weltring in lakes of everliving fire!
 Yet, spotless Lamb, tho' now with what divine
 Thou feel'st thy adamant soul oppress;
 Tho' Adam's sins are by adoption thine,
 And crush with heavy load thy lab'ring breast;
 Yet quickly shall the mortal coil be o'er,
 And grief, and pain, and anguish be no more;
 Soon shall the brightness of thy Godhead shine,
 Ev'n now methinks thy robes with sanguine red
 Are stain'd, like those that in the wine-fat tread;
 I see, I see thee rise.
 How bright, how glorious, o'er the starry skies,
 And Sin, and Death are led

O Phos-

D

Chain'd

Chain'd to thy Chariot wheels! Hark, hark the Song
Begins, the Song of triumph and delight,
Which erst we sung, when from the dreadful fight
Returning Victor all the rapturous throng
Of Saints and Angels hail'd thee, wond'rous King,
Almighty Lord, Heav'n's sole eternal Heir:
Lift up your heads, ye Gates, and O prepare,
Ye living Orbs, your everlasting doors,
The King of Glory comes!
What King of Glory?—He, whose puissant might
Subdu'd * Abaddon, and th' infernal powers
Of Darkness bound in adamant chains:
Who wrapt in glory with the Father reigns
Omnipotent, immortal, infinite!

The Angel ceas'd, and from his flinty bed
The God-redeemer rose:
Lull'd was his care in heav'n-inspir'd repose,
And his sick soul with airs ethereal fed:
Content he rose, O Father, to fulfil
Thy fixt eternal will.

And now the madding crew their Saviour led

Mild

* The Angel of the bottomless pit is so called in Rev. ix. 11.

Mild as a Lamb to slaughter, like a sheep
 Before her shearers dumb—But, O my Muse,
 Forbear!—Ev'n gnarled Oaks for grief would weep,
 And the rough rocks their briny tears diffuse,
 Should'st thou to Calvary's cleft summit rise,
 And there, in colours suited to thy woe,
 The torments and stupendous sorrows paint
 Of the great suffering Saint.—
 Oh stop, and from the humble base below
 Cast up thy tearful eyes
 To where thy Lord, and * Love was crucify'd;
 So shall the World, and all its vanities
 Appear like dross—Ambition, Lust, and Pride
 Shall far, far off their baleful pow'rs remove,
 And in the pure unspotted mind
 Nothing remain behind,
 But Adoration, Ecstasy, and Love.

* Cyp. Ερως εμης εσαυρηται.

F I N I S.